

4. Books which cost more than \$50.
5. Items of local or archival interest, including local fine press books.
6. Books containing fine plates or fragile makeup.
7. Special collection volumes—unit acquisitions which need to be kept together.
8. Books with significant manuscript or other materials laid or glued in.

VHS RECEIVES MORE GIFTS AND LOANS

Many Valuable Accessions

May we extend our sincere thanks, on behalf of the Society's board members and those interested in its work, to the following persons who so generously have made donations or loans to the library and museum during the last month: Nelson T. Barden, *W. Pawlet*; Lee M. Friedman, *Boston, Mass.*; Col. Richardson Greene, *St. Albans*; Mrs. Cora B. Hawes, *Barre*; Edward A. Hoyt, *Montpelier*, for the Office of the Secretary of State; Abraham Kamber, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; League of Women Voters, *Bennington*; Mrs. N. D. Potter, *Pinckney, Mich.*; Marjorie Wait, *Wilmette, Ill.* and Mrs. J. Watson Webb, *Shelburne and New York City*.

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MONTPELIER, VERMONT.
Hon. Leon S. Gay, President; Dr. Arthur W. Peach, Director; Mrs. Madelyn Davidson, Editor.

VHS News and Notes

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Montpelier, Vermont

Sec. 34.66
P. L. & R.

OUR STORY OF THE MONTH

Another Ethan Allen Anecdote

One of our loyal members sends in the following anecdote, saying that it was told by the late Milo S. McLaren of Barre, Vermont. One of these days, we hope to begin collecting all the Ethan Allen stories, those that are authentic, and those that are not. The Allen tradition is, however, so deep and strong in Vermont, that manufactured stories will probably appear on the horizon for many years.

The story. During the period of Ethan Allen's confinement in Pendennis Castle in England, a minstrel show was staged which Ethan was allowed to attend. Various characters appeared on the stage. The first to appear was introduced as General Gates. "What is your profession in civil life?" he was asked. He replied: "I am a tinker." The next American general in parody form who appeared stated that in civil life he was a tailor, while the third, when he was questioned, said he was a cobbler. This was too much for the fiery Ethan, who broke loose from his guard, jumped onto the stage and shouted: "Three cheers for the Continental Congress! Great Britain, licked by tinkers, tailors, and cobblers, by God!"

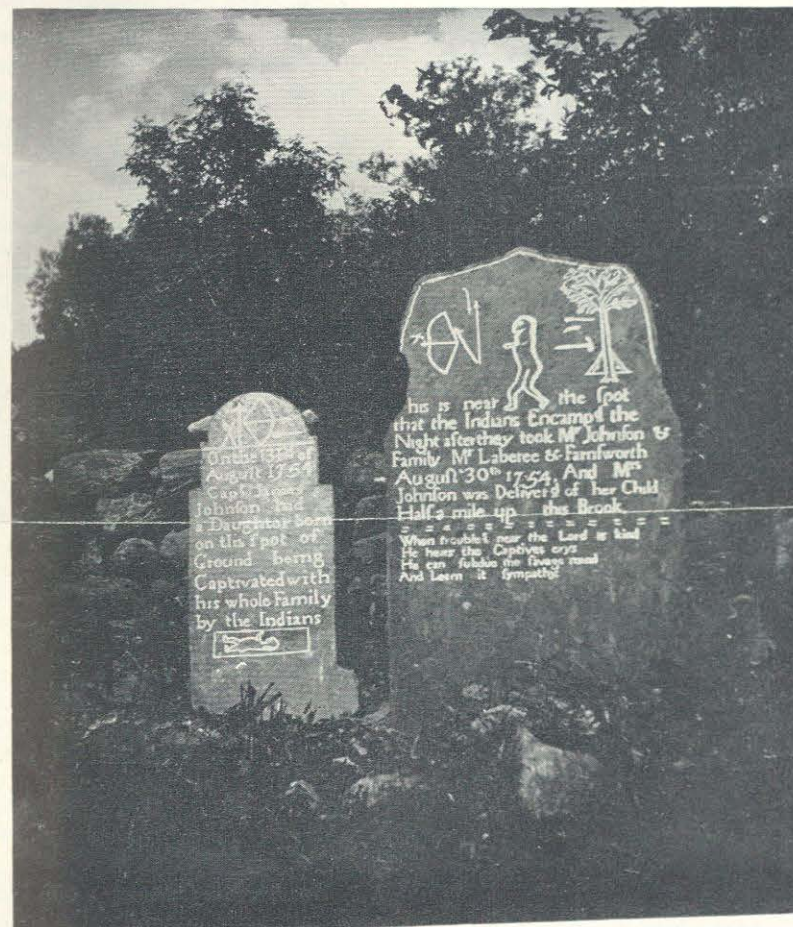
News & Notes

A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FOR ALL MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY

Volume 2

April 1951

Number 8



MRS. JOHNSON'S STORY OF HER VERMONT JOURNEY

These stones were erected to commemorate the capture of Captain James Johnson's family and others by the Indians at Charlestown, N. H., and the birth of Mrs. Johnson's daughter in Cavenish, Aug. 31, 1754, while the captives were on their way through Vermont to Canada.

The inscription on the stone at the left reads — "On the 31st of August, A. D. 1754, Captain James Johnson had a daughter born on this spot of ground; being captivated with his whole family by the Indians.

If mothers e'er should wander here,
They'll drop a sympathetic tear
For her, who in the howling wild,
Was safe delivered of a child."

The inscription on the stone on the right reads — "This is near the spot the Indians encamped the night after they took Mr. Johnson and family, Mr. Labarree and Farnsworth, August 30, 1754; and Mrs. Johnson was delivered of her child half a mile up this brook."

When trouble's near the Lord is kind
He hears the captive's cry;
He can subdue the savage mind
And learn it sympathy."

The peaceful valleys and quiet hills of Vermont give little inkling now of the *via dolorosa* many an English captive found among them along the ancient Indian trails. Mr. Philip H. Cummings, the speaker at the annual dinner [*News and Notes*, March 1951] emphasized the importance of these bitter journeys, pointing out that they were evidence of the pioneer man's determination to survive, and that out of that determination emerged the basic pattern of the early Vermont.

The records of these journeys into captivity through Vermont and from Vermont into Canada are far from being complete — and may never become so; but in the story of the capture and journey of Mrs. Johnson we have the picture which in all probability holds true for journeys unknown and unrecorded.

In the year 1740, Charlestown [now Charlestown, N. H.] was the most northerly of the settlements along the Connecticut River. Beyond the settlement was the wilderness. A fort was erected in 1744. Both the settlers and the fort itself were under attack soon after its construction. There, in 1748, the famous five-day action was fought by Capt. Phineas Stevens and his garrison of about 30 men in which he defeated 500 French and Indians.

In June 1749, Mrs. Johnson and her husband arrived at the fort and found five families there — "... the gloomy forest and the warlike appearance of the place, soon made me homesick." A period of peace followed, and Mr. Johnson moved to his farm outside the fort and began trading with the Indians, but immediate war was not unexpected — "The fears of the night were horrible beyond description, and even the light of day was far from dispelling painful anxiety. While looking from the window of my loghouse, and seeing my neighbors tread cautiously by each hedge and hillock, lest some secreted savage might start forth to take their

scalp, my fears would baffle description."

On August 29, "midway between day-break and sunrise," the Indians came — "... in an instant a crowd of savages, fixed horribly for war rushed furiously in. I screamed and begged my friends to ask for quarter; by this time they were all over the house: some upstairs, some hauling my sister out of bed, another had hold of me, and one was approaching Mr. Johnson, who stood in the middle of the floor to deliver himself up; but the Indian, supposing that he would make resistance, and be more than his match, went to the door and brought three of his comrades, and the four bound him. I was led to the door, fainting and trembling; and there stood my friend Labarree, bound; Ebenezer Farnsworth, whom they found up chamber, they were putting in the same situation, and to complete the shocking scene, my three little children were driven naked to the place where I stood. On viewing myself I found I too was naked. An Indian had plundered three gowns, who, on seeing my situation, gave me the whole."

The alarm reached the fort, but Mrs. Johnson's father, second in command, urged Capt. Stevens not to pursue the Indians, fearing that all the prisoners would be killed.

So the long journey north began. At a distance of three miles, the Indians halted, "supposing that we, as well as ourselves, might have an appetite for breakfast, gave the prisoners a loaf of bread, some raisins and apples." A horse came in sight, "known to all of us by the name of Scoggin, belonging to Phineas Stevens." Mr. Johnson prevented an Indian from shooting Scoggin, and the Indians suggested that he be caught and Mrs. Johnson would ride him as she was in the last stages of pregnancy. So the horse was caught. "By this time my legs and feet were covered with blood, which being noticed by Mr.

Labarree, he with that humanity which never forsook him, took his own stockings and presented them to me, and the Indians gave me a pair of moggasons." The Indians were 11 in number, men of middle age, "except one, a youth of sixteen who in our journey discovered a very mischievous and troublesome disposition." "According to their national practice, he who first laid hands on a prisoner, considered him as his property. My master, who was the one that took my hand when I sat on the bed was as clever an Indian as I ever saw; he even evinced, at numerous times, a disposition that showed he was by no means void of compassion. The four who took my husband claimed him as their property, and my sister, three children, Labarree and Farnsworth, had each a master. When the time came for us to prepare to march, I almost expired at the thought. To leave my aged parents, brothers, sisters and friends, and travel with savages, through a dismal forest to unknown regions, in the alarming situation I then was in, with three small children, the eldest, Sylvanus, who was but six years old. My eldest daughter, Susanna, was four, and Polly, the other two. My sister, Miriam, was fourteen. My husband was barefoot, and otherwise thinly clothed ... had nothing but his shirt and trowsers. My two daughters had nothing but their shifts, and I only the gown that was handed me by the savages ... we went six or eight miles and stopped for the night ... My sister, much to her mortification, must lie between two Indians, with a cord thrown over her, and passing under each of them; the little children had blankets, and I was allowed one for my use. Thus we took lodging for the night, with the sky for a covering, and the ground for a pillow."

After "marching sorrowfully for an hour or two," the next day, "I was taken with pangs of child-birth. The Indians signified that we must go on to a brook. When we got there, they showed some humanity, by making a booth for me ... fifteen or twenty miles from the abode of any civilized being, in the open wilderness, rendered cold by a rainy day — in one of the most perilous hours, and unsupported with the least necessary, that could yield convenience in that hazardous

moment. My children were crying at a distance, where they were held by their masters, and only my husband and sister to attend me ... The Indians kept aloof the whole time. About ten o'clock a daughter was born. Then they brought me some articles of clothing for the child which they had taken from the house. My master looked into the booth and clapped his hands with joy, crying two monies for me, two monies for me. I was permitted to rest the remainder of the day. The Indians were employed in making a bier for the prisoners to carry me on, and another booth for my lodging during the night." The journey began again, but Mrs. Johnson's "carriers" became too faint to proceed further. The Indians held a council, and Mrs. Johnson's "master" made signs to Mr. Johnson that if I could ride on the horse I might proceed, otherwise, I must be left behind ... I preferred to ride on the horse, rather than to perish miserably alone."

On the third day of the journey, Mrs. Johnson was taken from the horse and permitted to rest for an hour. The fare was lean, meal and water, and famine approached. The trail was harsh — "sometimes lying in miry plains, at others rising into steep and broken hills ... our passage hazardous and painful." Scoggin was killed for the needed food. "To use the term politeness, in the management of their repast, may be thought a burlesque, yet their offering the prisoners the best part of the horse, certainly bordered on civility; an epicure could not have catered nicer pieces, nor in that situation served them with more neatness ... After supper ... The night was a scene of distressing fears to me, and my extreme weakness had affected my mind to such a degree, that every difficulty appeared doubly terrible. By the assistance of Scroggin, I had been brought so far, yet so great was my debility, that every hour I was taken off and laid on the ground to keep me from expiring. But now, alas! this conveyance was no more. To walk was impossible. Inevitable death, in the midst of woods, one hundred miles wide, appeared my only portion."

On the sixth day, Mrs. Johnson attempted to walk, and did for half a mile, then "the world grew dark, and she drop-

ped to the ground." She has sight enough to see an Indian lift his hatchet over her head; her little son screamed — "Ma'am do go, for they will kill you." "When I awoke my master was talking angrily with the savage who had threatened my life."

Her Indian master make a pack basket of bark in which her husband carried her the rest of the day. The next morning she was stronger and was able to travel alone, although stumbling and falling into a beaver pond in a branch of Otter Creek proved dangerous for her, but she was rescued by her husband. Mr. Labarree had been in charge of the infant, and he "supported it, by pieces of the horse flesh, which he kept for its use which by being first chewed in his own mouth, and then put into the child's, afforded it the necessary nutriment."

The eighth day, the prisoners were aroused at sunrise, and after breakfast, were ordered to "munch." "My poor husband took me upon the pack saddle . . . My little son, who had performed the whole journey on foot was almost lifeless. Mr. Johnson was emaciated, and almost exhausted; — often he laid on the ground to save his own life, and mine; for my weakness was too great to ride far, without requiring rest."

Two Indians sent on a hunting scout met the party at "east bay" on Lake Champlain with four canoes. "The life, which nine days painful suffering in the wilderness, had brought to its last moment of duration, now started into new existence, and rendered the hour I sat on the shore of Lake Champlain one of the happiest I ever experienced." "Twelve hours sailing would waft us to the settlements of civilized Frenchmen."

The party journeyed across the lake to Crown Point, where the French commander received them kindly, giving them a good dinner and a change of linen. The next day they started for St. John's. Going north, they met "a white woman in a canoe on her way to Albany." Mr. Johnson gave her a note to Col. Lydius of Albany with a request that he announce through the Boston newspapers that the captives were still alive. "The woman delivered the letter, and the contents were published."

Here the sketch of Mrs. Johnson's jour-

ney must end — beyond the borders of Vermont. All of the prisoners later returned to the "place whence we were taken."

* * *

In September, 1797, Mrs. Johnson sought to find the spot of ground where her child was born, but she could not locate it to her satisfaction at that time. In August, 1798, as a result of another visit, she was convinced she had found the location. On a third visit, in 1799, accompanied by her fellow prisoner, Mr. Labarree, both agreed "as to the identical spot of ground within a few feet; and ascertained that it was on the northeast corner lot of land in Cavendish, and is about half a mile from the main road leading from Weathersfield to Reading, where is erected a monument with the following inscription — which the friendly reader may peruse if he should pass that way . . ."

Mrs. Johnson made arrangements for the placing of the monuments, prepared the inscriptions, and directed that the smaller stone should be placed upon the spot where her child was born, while the larger should mark the place where the Indians were encamped, but regardless of her instructions the stones were placed together on the main road leading from Weathersfield to Reading — and here they stood for a century. [Horace W. Bailey, Newbury, Vt., July, 1907: *A Narrative of the Captivity of Mrs. Johnson* — Third Edition, Windsor, Vt., 1814.]

Also by Mr. Bailey: "Elizabeth Captive Johnson, the third white person born in Vermont, lived to womanhood and became the wife of Colonel George Kimball. One of her daughters married Jason Wetherby, and her daughter married Oel Billings, the father of the late Frederick Billings of Woodstock, Vermont, one of the most distinguished sons of the Green Mountain State."

HERE IS A HOBBY FOR YOU AND OTHERS

Know Any Interesting Place Names?

We are planning to assemble a complete collection of Vermont place names, and later publish them [hint — see that item entitled "How Is Your Forgittery?" — and if you—] in book form available to everybody when we get the funds.

We are going to start with the name "Vermont," and go down the line from the counties to the towns and villages, then down to local place names in towns and villages, ponds, brooks, streams, lakes, "cricks," rivers, puddles, anything with a place name in Vermont. Each has a bit of history connected with it, and the total is bound to be impressive.

We can take care of the larger places, but the local names are going to be a problem unless we can have the help of our members and their friends far and near. Some of these names are going to perish unless we rescue them; and we want names even that are pretty much faded now.

Here are some samples showing how to do it. Rev. V. B. Maloney, a VHSer and long a loyal curator, sends these along. We are abbreviating them somewhat to save precious space, but you will see what we want: first the name, and then the source of the name as you know it. If you do not know the origin of the name, send it in anyway, and we will see what we can do, but give us any rough reference if you can and indicate where the name is used.

Here are Father Maloney's names:

1. *Battlerow Road*. A section in Hyde Park. The evidence he lists seems clear—that after the Civil War a family lived there who staged some merry fracas among themselves; hence the name — and a good name for more than one street and place in America.

2. *Tyndall Hill*. "A generation hence people will wonder whence the name. I happen to know as my mother was a Tyndall. Her father was Gavin Tyndall; this Gavin Tyndall and his brother, John, settled in that far-from-town area when they came over from Ireland. They lived there a great many years, had large families, and were quite well known. The hill came to be known as Tyndall Hill and is so shown on maps." In looking into these old names there are many by-products that are appealing and often lasting in value. Father Maloney adds this detail: "On the main road between Morrisville and Stowe is the Bessette Farm. Years back it was known as the York Farm because it was owned by some absentee landlord of New York. That was the first place my grandfather

worked when he came over from Ireland. When he disembarked from the boat at New York, a man (actually an agent of the York farm) eyed those who seemed the best prospects for hard work and asked them if they wanted a job. That question was music to the ears of any immigrant just landing. That is how my grandfather landed his first job in the U. S. — on this York farm. Eventually he acquired a little farm of his own on Tyndall Hill. By running the farm and working from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M. in Carroll S. Page's Hide House in Hyde Park (this involved commuting by horse and buckboard or horse and sleigh about 6 miles each way, winter and summer, he 'made a go of it')."

3. *Goose Hill*. "In the corner of Jericho-Essex-Williston is a section known as Goose Hill. I am told by Marvin Chapman of North Williston how it received its name. The first 'freeze locker' in this whole area was in North Williston about 75 years ago. I believe it was a Wright family that owned and ran it. The huge building had double walls, metal sheathed; tons and tons of ice were put into the space between, thus refrigerating the whole building. The owners used to buy meat in the West and elsewhere when the price was right, store it, then resell it when the profit warranted it. Among the 'animals' they purchased were geese. They used to yard them at Goose Hill, dress them there, and then store them in their locker."

WHAT OUR LIBRARIAN DOES TO KEEP BUSY?

Miss Follette's Answers Will Open Eyes

Visitors and others frequently ask the Librarian of the Vermont Historical Society, "What do you do at the Historical Society to keep you busy?" or "What kind of questions do people ask when they write in to you?" Well, of course, a librarian can always keep pretty busy, just taking care of the books, and the people that come in to use the library. Also a historical library has a lot of other materials that require special attention, too, such as pamphlets, manuscript books, maps, pictures, broadsides, phonograph records, microfilm, cuts and plates (both photographic and printers); and when the

librarian is also museum supervisor, there are museum pieces that range all the way from a Dewey Day button and a Bennington half dollar, to the Stephen Daye Press.

The letters that fall on the librarian's desk come, not only from good Vermont neighbors and friends, but also from former Vermonters, descendants of Vermonters, students, and research workers in history.

January and February were especially busy with Vermont legislators here, visits of school children, preparation of special county exhibits for ten of the fourteen counties (four more to come) and preparations for the annual meeting. Hence, the first day of March found the librarian with 123 letters written (not counting those to representatives and senators of the ten counties before mentioned) and about fifty still in the folder unanswered.

The 123 letters answered could be classified about like this: letters, etc., to publishers and dealers and others regarding orders, payment, returned books, etc., 20; requests for genealogical information for which a form letter is usually sent regretting our inability to do such work and suggesting a competent genealogist, 17; gifts or loans on the way, 14; requests for historical information that could not be answered before March 1st because of the annual meeting of the Society, 14; requests for historical information, 10; requests for loans of books, inter-library and otherwise, 8; bibliographies on certain specific topics, 7; requesting information as to where certain old publications (not historical society imprints) could be obtained, 5; asking whether the library has certain specific books or other materials, 4; asking whether certain old publications have any sales value, 3; asking whether the Society will accept articles as gifts or loans, 3; requesting Vermont Historical Society Library entries for annual year-books or directories, 2; requesting the verification of bibliographical information about specific publications, 2; about photographing library materials, 2; miscellaneous, 12.

The historical inquiries sent in, including both those already answered and those still to be written, are:

The origin of the name "Nebraska Notch." When and where was the first

white settlement in Vermont? What important battles have taken place within the borders of the State? The authenticity of the story of Smuggler's Notch. What town in Windsor County was called "Maitland" in the early days? Are Newfane Inn, Hyde Manor, and Westminster Inn still open as places of refreshment and not as historical society museums? Information about the Society of New England Women. Origin of the name Fort Ethan Allen. Population of Lyndon 1860 to 1940. Number of Negroes in certain southern states, 1860 and 1840. Origin of the name "Skunk's Misery," Elmore. Information on T. H. Chubb of Post Mills and Goodridge of Grafton, fishing rod makers. Was Rutherford Hayes, senior, of Brattleboro among those whose property was confiscated in 1784 for resisting the authority of Vermont? The origin of the names "Egypt" and "Plymouth Kingdom". Who was Stephen Daye? Where did the Daye Press come from? What was the exact date of the session of the Vermont Legislature held in Danville in 1805? Was this the session when it was voted to establish Montpelier as the capital city and to build a statehouse there? What part did the 6th Maine Battery play in the Civil War? Is there any original Revolutionary or War of 1812 flag in this vicinity? Where did the town of Richmond get its name?

Requests for bibliographical information, that is, lists of books or other materials in the Historical Society library, verification of bibliographical information on certain titles, and asking where certain ones could be obtained, etc., covered the following topics and titles:

Microfilms. Stilwell's *Migration from Vermont. Yankee Exodus* by Stewart Holbrook. *Proceedings of the Orleans County Historical Society*. The writings of B. M. Harvey, born in Peacham, 1864. Hon. A. Judson Rowell of North Troy. Whitelaw 1796 map. *Medical Education in the U. S. before the Civil War* by Norwood. Washington County map, 1858. The "Howe Fulcrum." "Vermonters." 71st annual report of the Vermont Mutual Fire Insurance Co. "Chinamen in Yankee-dom, anti-unionism in Massachusetts in 1870" in the *American Historical Review* 1947, concerning Calvin Sampson, born in

Stamford, Vt. Oration delivered before the Juvenile Debating Society of Peacham, 1816. *Green Mountain Patriot. North Star* Danville. *Chorographical Map of the Province of New York* by Sauthier, 1779. *Essays in the Early History of Vermont*, collections of Vermont Historical Society. *Peacham* by Dr. Bogart. Hurd's *History of Hillsborough County, N. H.* Vermont revolutionary records. Solomon Foote. Montpelier, Vt., 1815-1835. Justin Morgan. Fourth of July orations. V. H. S. *Proceedings and Collections*. Town histories of Caledonia and Essex counties. George Franklin Edmunds. Lease Lands of Vermont. Early gravestones decorated with angel faces. Norwich, Vt. imprint. "Sermon preached by the Rev. Thomas Goodwillie of Barnet, Vt., in 1827, before the Vermont legislature." Maps of unorganized towns and gores in Essex county. Points of interest and covered bridges in Rutland and Addison counties. Orange county wills. Most essential reference books for a Vermont section of a genealogical library. Travels of Luigi Castiglioni. Ebenezer Craft's map of Craftsbury. Copper plate scripture engravings made by Lewis Robinson of South Reading, also his maps. Gilman's *Bibliography of Vermont*. Coolidge's *French Occupation of the Champlain Valley, 1609-1759*. Cooley's *Vermont Imprints before 1800*. Indexes to the Society's Collections and Proceedings. Politics of Vermont during the time of Matthew Lyon. History of the tourist trade in Vermont. Early trails and roads in Vermont. Walton's *Vermont Register*. *Burlington Times*, 1850 and *Free Press* 1860. Political parties, campaigns and rallies in Vermont. American diaries. *My Father's House*, by Pierrepont Noyes. *A Yankee Saint* by Robert Allerton Parker.

Subjects of genealogical inquiries are not listed.

HOW IS YOUR FORGITTERTY?

A Good Way to Check It

Somewhere on a desk, or in a pigeon-hole, or in a book, or in an envelope, is an interesting item that 285 of our members have forgotten or overlooked, a mild reminder of something — alas, a VHS dun. [Dun is a derivative of an ancient

Anglo Saxon word, *-dyn*, probably, meaning a loud noise; and we may make a loud one later on in the direction of our forgetting folks.]

Two hundred and eighty-five of our members are getting their "forgitteries" jogged with this note — we hope (and we may save \$12, too, in postage). Our dues are vitally necessary to the functioning of the Society. In days past, we know that only one notice was sent in January — and then everybody hoped for the best which never turned out to be the best.

The old days are gone, the Society has widened its work and its responsibilities, increased the size of its publications, extended its research, will expand its book publishings; and the future holds promise of constructive work for Vermont and more service to our members and families; all the faithful are with us and know about the changes for the better. But we do need the cash of course — because our creditors need it. We belong to the non-profit, altruistic organizations, all hard hit in times like these.

And to add a sad note: 35 of our members owe for two years or more; and our rules say quietly that any member with two years dues in arrears must be dropped from the rolls. We do not want to lose them, but sending 4 *Quarterlies* and 12 *News and Notes* annually, besides other items, is costly business year after year with no return.

More seriously, I hope this notice will help to shine up a few "forgitteries." If your dues bill has vanished, we will hustle another to you. A. W. P.

[The 35 on our black list can escape it by sending in a part payment.]

ONE OF OUR VICE PRESIDENT'S GOOD DEEDS

For a Day — and Ours Too

Down in Weston, Vt., which thousands of summer visitors will see, come summer, is the far-famed Original Vermont Country Store managed by Vrest Orton, a staunch friend of and loyal worker for VHS. In running through his spring and summer catalog, "A List of Family Needs," we found this item: "Notice to Vermonters, Real and Would Be

I know there must be a lot of Vermonters and Vermont admirers scattered around in the United States and other foreign countries. I am pretty sure more than 99% are hankering to get to Vermont, somehow. May I suggest you keep in touch with the home state? We have a pretty good way to do that . . . you can join our Vermont Historical Society and receive free our excellent Vermont Historical Quarterly Magazine. Send me your name and address, and if you are of good moral character and can prove you were born in Vermont or are sorry you were not, I, as one of the vice-presidents of this 113 year old society, will be glad to nominate you for membership."

Our thanks, sir. May your tribe increase, and your battered store till jangle merrily!

P. S. Other VHSers in business who follow Mr. Orton's theory of a good deed will find that in this world of misdeeds we know, too, what a good deed is!

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MONTPELIER, VERMONT.
Leon S. Gay, President; Dr. Arthur W. Peach, Director and Editor.

VHS News and Notes

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Montpelier, Vermont

See. 34.66
P. L. & R.

OUR STORY OF THE MONTH

Another One about President Coolidge

It is difficult to separate myth, legend and fact in Calvin Coolidge stories; and there is some evidence showing that he made it a point to refuse to comment on stories attached to him.

A Washington bank—in some versions a Boston one—invited him to honor the bank with a deposit. Without changing his expression, the President suggested the bank make him an honorary depositor. The banker missed the point, but Coolidge did make a deposit.

Later on, while he was walking past the bank with a friend, both heard a tremendous noise in the bank. President took the sound in stride, but his friend exclaimed:

"What in hell is that racket?"

Coolidge was not disturbed, kept his even pace, and remarked in his laconic Yankee fashion:

"My deposit drawing interest."

News & Notes

A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FOR ALL MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY

Volume 2

May 1951

Number 9



THE PIONEER MOTHER — HER PLACE IN THE SUN

Some Comments in Passing

The young pioneer mother, wife, or sweetheart who left her comfortable home in the long-settled areas of the older colonies, particularly in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and journeyed into the wilderness that was Vermont, has never found her rightful place in the sun, as far, certainly, as Vermont history is concerned.

The general pattern of her journey and her life we know, but not much more than in traditions and in brief glimpses of her through faded records. In Ann Story, whose story was told eloquently, vividly

and accurately in the *Vermont Quarterly*, July 1950 (copies are still available at \$1), we have the picture of such a life; but Ann represented the heroine type. Hundreds of other young women faced hardships and actual suffering in many cases that will never be recorded. Nevertheless, the story of their lives and days should be and must be told, as far as possible, and we hope to do it.

By way of bringing such lives into focus, we have in the journey of the Rev. John Williams and his fellow prisoners through Vermont from the massacre at Deerfield, Mass., (*Quarterly*, April 1951) the massed incidents and reactions that reveal